

O N T H E

# D E A T H

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## M r s . B E H N .

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By *NAT. LEE*, Gent.

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**T**HE Sadness of thy Death extends my Muse,  
To rail at Nature, and the Fates abuse :  
That doom'd such Wit and Goodness to the Grave,  
To grieve the Wise, and make the Temperate rave.  
Why art thou dead? Or wherefore didst thou live?  
Such Pangs for Pleasure after Death to give.  
I lov'd thee inward, and my Thoughts were true ;  
And after Death thy Vertue I pursue.  
Thou hadst my Soul in secret, and I swear  
I found it not, till thou resolv'dst to Air.  
To Air, to Flame, to Beauty, and that Light,  
Where Heav'n's perpetual blushing, and more bright.  
*Melpomene* the stateliest of the Nine ;  
And more Majestick where thy Numbers shine ;  
Commands my Thoughts a mightier Urn to raise,  
And Crown thy Verse with an Immortal Praise.  
I mourn thy Death like Nightingales their Young :  
My Grief's like thee, too precious for the Throng.  
I'll bury it in Smiles, and force my Tears  
Back to those Fountains where no Spring appears.  
*Flatman* thy Mate, and that dear part of me ;  
But I'll expect till all the blest agree  
To mount me in their Arms, and draw me near,  
Where I shall never shed another Tear.

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